

The Trouble With Hiccup

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Summary: Astrid knows Hiccup isn't TRYING to drive her crazy . . . but he just is! What's up with him? Why is he acting so . . . weird . . . lately! [Hiccstrid swag] [Oneshot]

The Trouble With Hiccup

A/N: I'm terrible at anything romantic. If anything is inaccurate, I sincerely apologize. :) But . . . I just had to write this, okay? All rights belong to Cressida Cowell and Dreamworks.

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><p>Astrid wasn't sure how much more she could take of ¦ Hiccup - his actions, rather, she amended. She'd never imagined he could actually do any of this, certainly not to such a huge extent. It was possibly worse than his intense love and dedication concerning the dragons.</p>

She wasn't exactly sure when Hiccup's ¦ behavior had begun. But the first obvious sign had been the gifts. Various members of the tribe, upon hearing the news, had been hurling gifts by the dozen through their door. Their door - Astrid stopped her reminiscing to smile. She'd never admit how much she liked the words "ours" and "their" concerning her and Hiccup. She surveyed the small room she currently was resting inside. It was plain, with simple decor. Astrid frowned. What it was missing - what most Viking households had as decorations - was weaponry. The neighbors had probably delivered enough weaponry to plentifully decorate every inch of the walls. But the "probably" was the problem - she had no idea. Because every weapon they had ever owned or been given had disappeared.

Astrid eventually realized there was a culprit involved because Hiccup, frankly, would never be called stealthy by any self-respecting warrior. One day, she had woken up to a loud clang reverberating through the tiny house. After carefully making her way

down the stairs, she had spotted Hiccup, a gigantic ax in his arms, sneaking out the back door. Astrid, of course, had followed him. Weaving through the thickest corners of the forest, scaling slippery piles of boulders, ducking through sparkling waterfalls, all the way to a tiny clearing. Astrid, wheezing slightly, ducked behind a wide oak. She watched Hiccup slide a shovel from beneath a prickly cluster of bushes and begin digging. She had noticed the determined tensing of his muscles, and she had quieted her desperate breaths. After a few moments, Hiccup's secret in the muddy earth was revealed.

Astrid had a hard time biting back a laugh when she finally saw it. Of course. What else, really, would have been in there? Hiccup had buried every single weapon they owned in a hole in the ground.

Astrid stepped out of the shadows. She crossed her arms. "What are you doing?"

He was petrified for a moment, before slowly pivoting to face her. Then: "Um, uh, er, hey, uh, Astrid, uh, well, I"

She rolled her eyes and asked, "Hiccup, are you heaving every weapon in Berk into a hole in the middle of nowhere?"

Hiccup recovered his natural wit. "Well, when you say it like that, I sound so dimwitted and ridiculous."

"Completely ridiculous," she agreed. But then he smiled and flushed. She couldn't stay angry at him if she tried. And she didn't try.

The weapons had been one telltale sign of many, she decided now. Hiccup had grown almost disturbingly attached to Astrid. At every moment, he demanded to know her location. He slaved over her - he completed her every chore and task no matter how menial it was. Hiccup refused to let her out in even the tiniest spot of moody weather. He slaved over every meal and refused to let her be anywhere near the hot frying pans. Even riding Stormfly, her beloved nadder, was prohibited in his rule-book. And recently the townsfolk had begun avoiding her. Gobber had pointed out why, one afternoon when she had visited his former forge for advice.

"The thing is, Astrid," he had said knowingly, "that Thor himself wouldn't dare aiming a lightning bolt within six boats' lengths of you."

"Why?" she had asked.

"Because he wouldn't want to face Hiccup's wrath."

How much longer, Astrid thought, could she take of this rocking chair? She leaned back into its weathered wood, listening to the screeches of the dragons, the murmurs of the villagers, the simple sounds of life. In the past week, Hiccup had spent each morning convincing her and pleading with her to stay in her chair. She had given in, but only because she was so tired.

But why, her mind whispered, do I have to obey him? She reminded herself, her impatience and energy stirring in her heart, that Hiccup didn't have much resolve in standing against her. If she protested

strongly, just once, he might back down. The thought invigorated her, and she sprung to her feet.

Bang! The doors slammed against the walls and Astrid froze. Bright afternoon sun streamed through the arch and warmed her skin. Her gaze lifted from the now golden floor to Hiccup stumbling onto the threshold. His skinny arms were wrapped tightly around a clump of firewood, and his flushed cheeks were smudged with dirt. These days, Hiccup's face only seemed capable of showcasing two emotions: euphoria and worry. Now a wide and crooked grin illuminated his face as he gazed at Astrid. She felt her lips stretch into a smile too.

"How do my feet look?" she asked softly.

"They're the best-looking feet I've ever seen," he replied. It was their standard greeting, a joke that had ripened a few months ago and had yet to go stale. Astrid watched Hiccup's eyebrows crinkle over his evergreen-tree eyes. Noticing her standing position, he hurriedly asked, "What's wrong? Do you need anything?"

Astrid shrugged the questions away. "I was stretching my legs."

Hiccup nodded and the heavy toll of working in the village all day slammed into him. His shoulders slumped and he sighed slowly. Astrid watched him trudge to the hearth and drop to his bony knees. As he tended to the fire, Astrid crept up behind him. With her feet, she arranged a shabby orange rug beneath her. She lowered to the ground and crossed her legs.

"Hiccup," she said, a giddy smile blooming on her face.

He twisted his neck to look at her quizzically.

Astrid giggled. She had been giggling more often now. Before, the action had seemed frivolous and repulsive. She didn't mind it nearly as much now. Clearing her throat, she asked, "You, uh, wanna say hello?"

Hiccup nearly dropped the fire-poker into the flames. He laughed shakily. "Sure!" He shoved the poker back into the tall wicker basket at his side, dropped onto the rug, and almost eagerly scooted close to Astrid.

Astrid hesitated a moment. Then her fingers curled around the edge of her burgundy tunic. She slid the soft fabric up, revealing her stomach. Astrid felt a thrill as she gazed down - at the unmistakable bump that proved her body was currently harboring more than one soul.

Out of the corner of her eye, Astrid saw Hiccup scratching his neck with an odd ferocity. "Come on," Astrid said. "It's okay."

His hand shaking, Hiccup reached out toward her. Astrid felt his fingers brush her stomach gently. A few moments later, she gasped as a certain tiny someone kicked at the exact spot Hiccup was touching. Astrid glanced up to see Hiccup's reaction. She laughed. Hiccup's face had lit up. He laughed once, nervously, then again, but lighter.

Astrid laid a seemingly scorching palm on her stomach. "That's right," she murmured. "Your daddy's here." She heard Hiccup suck in a gulp of air. When Astrid looked back up at him, Hiccup was studying his knees with an anxious smile. She grinned, leaned over, and punched him swiftly on the arm.

As always, Hiccup jerked backward melodramatically and massaged his arm. But he made eye contact with her. Astrid tried to send him a message with her eyes, like he had always been able to do to her. When he shot her a perplexed look, Astrid gave up on nonverbal communication. "Don't worry so much," she told him. "You'll be a great dad."

Like dragon's wings, Hiccup's shoulders rose. He gave her a brave smile. "I will," he replied, and Astrid could hear the iron in his voice. Hiccup's hand stretched out again. This time, his fingers entwined with hers. Squeezing her hand, Hiccup whispered, "That's a promise."

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